

Can't Take That

Esham

I know how it feels to wake up fucked up
With pockets on E, and bad company.
I wish I had a key too open all the locks
I'd open all the blocks, flood em all with rocks.
Keep clockin knots, cause it dont stop .
Stay close to a chop, just in case you think not.
Baking soda in the water till it bubble in the pot.
When its dry it's hard like candy, butter cookies what you got.
Break it down into some boulders, fifties look like butterscotch
Now i'm on the streets, another plan, a money plot
Buy a brand new Benz before you rolled it off the lot
It really don't mean shit, if your ass get shot
Why?

You can't take it with you
All them things that money buy
You won't need 'em when you die, baby

You can't take it with you
Even when they hit you with 50 bullets
Fifty times in your nugget, fuck it
Love it or hate, like it or not
I really gives a fuck what rabbit gets shot
Sedidate me, baby, lately, I've been crazy,
Caught up in the world of madness can't phase me
Suicidal, fuck American Idol, rock my recital
Esham is my title, vital, visions are homicidal
But that don't matter, even when your blood gets splattered
Caps going off like the Mad Hatter
You can be poor or filthy rich
Cause nobody can buy eternal life up in this bitch.

You can't take it with you
All them things that money buy
You won't need 'em when you die, baby
(Everything... Money, Cars, Jewelry... all of it...)

"Our dear brother right here was a good brother. He had money and diamonds.
He got diamonds all... all right now, but we gonna take all that...
before we put him in the ground we gonna take all that off his body.
But, anyway... He had a mansion... he had a mansion...
But he don't need that where he goin. We gonna be livin it up...
He had a purdy wife, he won't be needin her no more. The church gonna take c
are of her-"

You can't take it with you
No lust, no love, no drugs, no slugs, no FBI bugs
Put one right between your eyes in the center of your mug
Brains all on the floor, blood skeetin' on the rug
Fucked around with the underground, murdered like chud
Get smoked like bud, body left in the hood
Stripped naked, take off your jewels rapped in a blanket, kick it
Cooked him, left in the bucket like a burnt piece of chicken
Biten, went professional hittin'
It's all about choppin' bodies up and throats slittin'
So you can't take nothing with you but some hollow tips
And then if you like the steel dick, swallow this.

You can't take it with you
All them things that money buy
You won't need 'em when you die, baby
(Everything... Money, Cars, Jewelry... all of it...)